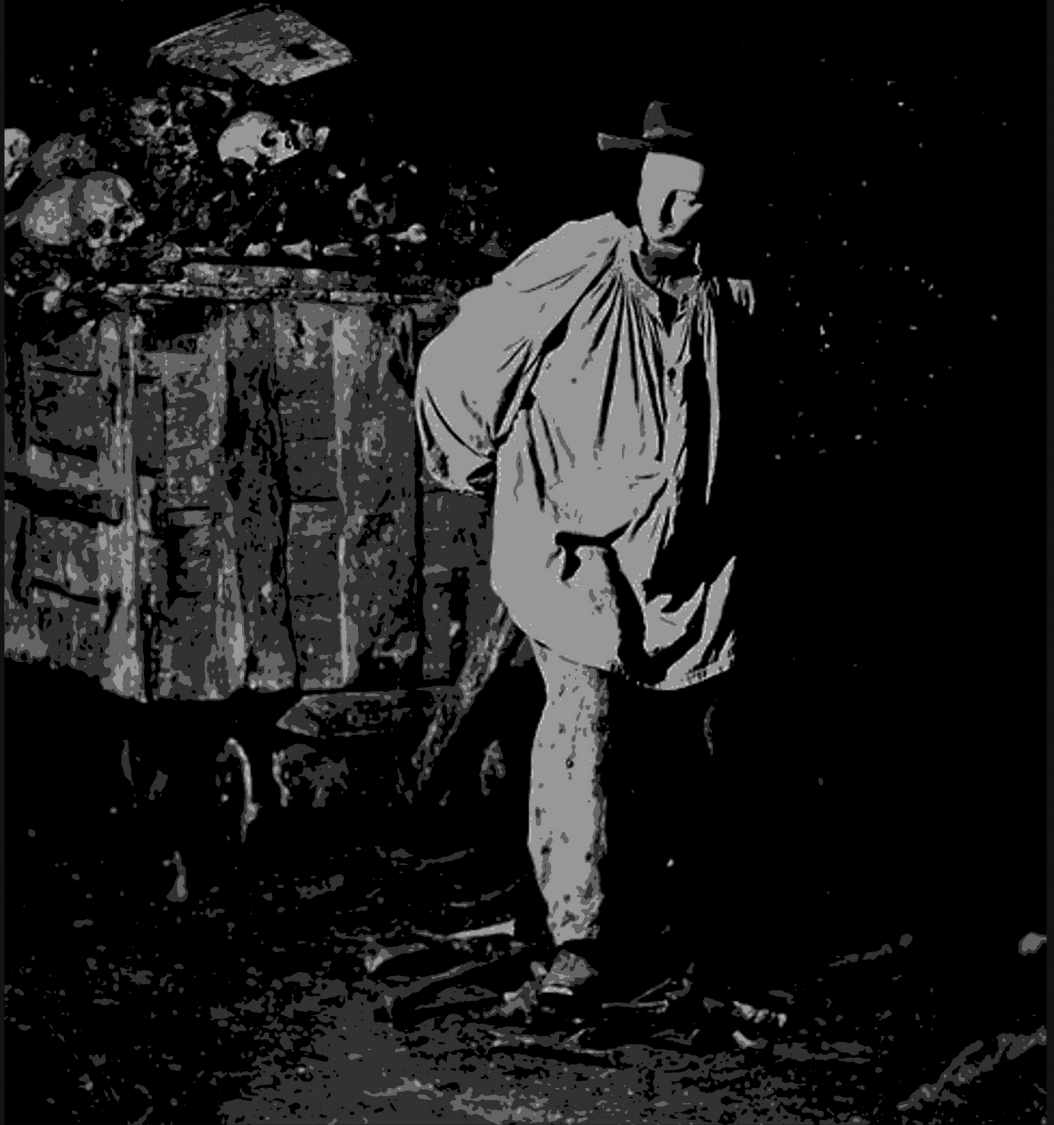


BANG
FORASH

before the end of the world



bang forash
before the end of the world

2010

comfortable and safe

after two steps, fallen, open sewer
sliding open sewer: the beginning of everything.
wise, tenebrous feeling of the heat of the shit,
of the dark, rotten, oily, sliding drizzle
through the lead and polyvinyl chloride pipes
of the sleeping city, because nobody is made of iron,
nor a city that shows off like this one,
but sleeps only a little, so little
that we can say that the city doesn't sleep.
and there it goes down the drain, reaching the cars,
contributing to the years of pollution that the stream
most famous in the region sustains exuberantly,
passing through scraps of toilet paper, phlegm,
even condoms thrown to meet the world

that they shouldn't meet, stuffed in the wrong hole.
there goes the latex looking for a place to hide.
under our feet, the great intestine is more
than one can imagine in diarrhea,
although it is the fruit of the shitting human being.

people who don't mix with other people
up here, have nothing against mixing
their waste with anyone else's.
the chemicals, all that cleaning chemistry,
the medicines, leaflets scattered around.
bleach, caustic soda...
crazy chlorine, perfume that makes bubbles, detergent
and pure lard.
on cold days, or when you're suspicious, there's
paper rolling down the drain, falling straight down,
it's biodegradable, they say, it gives a shine to the
pile of shit, in nobody's eyes, it's useless.
and not far away the water gushes into the stream
without the paper being hygienic,
much less merely a silly piece of paper.
it flows beautifully, a classic city slump
stuck, making you lose strength in your legs, making

the outlet burst in a waterfall, lowering
the sewage. it's the city defecating on itself.
intestinal patrimony of our taxes,
sanitation for those in the center.
the city is terrible at digestion, it makes terrible mistakes.
it defecates on itself and swallows it back.
the city accepts swallowing its own defecation
and accepts defecating only part of it, forgetting
about the periphery. the periphery, according to the rule
above,
should shit itself: brazilian sanitation,
sanitation that doesn't get too involved with the margins.
the guy said: the city hall came here, said
they were going to fix it, we on the street even made a
cow and bought the concrete pipes,
then the city hall came here, said they were going to fix
it, took our pipes away,
left these holes, all this shit
and we're still here surrounded by shit.
the guy told me, but what can i do?
the city is destroyed using its shoes,

it's indifferent, it doesn't reason, it thinks that its own shit
is food, it doesn't know where one tries to defecate,
how the mess can be so fetid and grand?
comfortable and safe is the place inside
the flowing, clogging,
everything-or-nothing sewer system, with the end very
near,
but always getting caught, always getting caught.

= # =

from this night onward

in exceptional cases,
the frauds, of the frauds,
the forgers, good practice,
the corrupted data,
and all these pills,
all end up ineffective
from the beginning to the end of the night.

and when does the night end?
and when does everything end?
if it ends, it can begin again.
a good part, when a problem arises,
returns sharply and without warning.
because when there is a warning,
no one notices it.

of these new precepts, only
hard stop, only pain
and a crazy bunch stretched out,

hanging on,
because their eyes shine
in the official darkness of the rooms...
from this night onward...

= # =

it's such a pleasant rain

...it's such a pleasant rain
when it seems like it won't hurt,
when you're sheltered
in a place that won't flood;
people won't drown...

this gift seems so good
that comes from the sky,
but how much death and so many losses
happen due to the negligence
full of intentions
of the ruling class faithful
to the misery of the people...

flooding,
dam bursting,
contaminating waste,
but if you get close to the mansion...
oh, no, sir!

then things get ugly!
it might even appear in the newspapers
on television,
the well-dressed politician
might even start to act...

but until then... how many tears...?

= # =

freedom

it varies aimlessly and is secretly seen
in the pain that detects the end of the straight line.

with pinched cheeks, affection
inconsolably endless,
they cross the fields of the limit
and want freedom to raise
their clumsy profits.

they are giants armed with digital and inhuman
knowledge that the
absurd sovereign of arms
built, just as the millionaires filled
their pockets with the spending of young people
apprehensive about the novelty of the week.

revolutionary economic guardians
as they summon the sword of justice
bought with the accumulated gold

from lectures and books saved
made from the desire to see poorer those who adopt
the ideal
of liberation from monetary slavery.

and capital will be the new god,
without justice, without wisdom,
but with much more money
in the high-interest bank account
from savings and free loans
from a false and already rejected
vulgar idea of liberation.

= # =

a dark night of everything

the fallen man,
stabbed,
the police surrounding him.
two troops
wanted to invade,
to show the way.
not like that,
this can't be,
they want the body.
the body already covered in flies,
it's a fight between two sides.

it's four o'clock
in the morning,
groups drink,
sitting in the doorways
of closed shops.

the cold begins,

the wind blows,
and a reporter arrives,
but doesn't want to go
too far.

one says he knows
the dead man,
another says he knows
the murderer.

first step,
through the wound.

the curtains of the mute shops,
plucked, sit in the same way as the groups,
with their backs
against them.

background:
the square,
the trees,
falling to pieces.
it's autumn.

a company anniversary party:

a great event for a death.
loud music,
hypnotic music,
blood running
between the stones
of the dark square, under the terrible
street lighting.

and over death, the laughter of the young invades the
path of our eyes and ears.

= # =

where is the strength?

where is the strength?

where?

among cowards,

civil guard,

police,

how could it be

without anyone looking?

batons on the body

in various ways,

without food,

with the use of weapons.

it's pain without beauty,

without poetry,

with so many tears.

but listen well:

where will the greatest quantity of tears come from?

everyone knows,
but many ignore,
that the tears are the same ones
that flowed in gethsemane,
the same ones that most didn't see,
that still flow today and most don't see;
the powerful do, oh yes they see,
with extreme clarity,
but they are the experts
in hiding them.

= # =

rest

when break time comes,
it's actually fifteen minutes of break time
for some and an hour for others;
this depends on the employment contract.

so we find the uniformed staff
sitting on any shady step,
which are few, just as the breeze is weak.

there are five on one side, four on the other.
it's when the sad face lights a cigarette
and savors the smoke with the taste of misfortune.

and so many things have the taste of disgust!
like alcohol. the taste of misfortune.
the taste of misfortune even in a smile.

the less money left over from priorities,
the less there is to buy complacent flavor

with the proper reward.

even with everything, the conversation goes on and on,
talking about everything. everything until
nothing can harm others
when the imposing evil doesn't escape the lips.

it's very hot in the summer, very cold in the winter. here
at least, there's a real chance of having a bad time
because of the extreme weather.

winter is even worse, because the supermarket break is
outside, period. you can't stay inside. everyone outside!
and if it's sunny, the sun is a gift. if it's cloudy, and most
days are cloudy, in winter, then the cold is practically
murderous, or torturous. it's never fun.

and it's a burden to bring food from home, because
they check everything when you enter and leave. you
have to account for it, so it's better to bring as little as
possible.

so what happens then? you buy what's for sale at the
market.

then you make a snack and wait.

those who work intermittently are the ones who suffer the most in this situation, even because of the uncertainty of everything. everything, really.

because they won't even close their books for the month to guarantee a full salary, as we know.

it doesn't seem good for commerce, except for the supermarket itself, which hires them and practically includes their purchases.

ah! the banks also bite hard because an account is necessary for the intermittent worker, read: precarious worker, to receive payments. they don't always work, they don't always get paid, but they always pay.

= # =

poem about a queen

a queen who spends her days there
near the footbridge, in the dark,
but well-ventilated corner of the bus station.

with an empty bottle in the corner,
with her two blankets and backpack
waiting, that's all; then,
which is quickly over,
a toast with a gulp of counterfeit vodka...
then still
a kiss on the burning stone,
burning along with her soul,
the soul of the queen
who would change the world
into a governance of justice
and constant festive joy
of so many smiles,
with the beautiful princes,
all alive,

but it didn't work out,
it couldn't be like that
and she knows it can't anymore,
there's no more possibility,
it's the 'planet of hunger'.

the cars pass anxiously
with their sweaty drivers,
stopping at the red lights
and the queen sitting there on the sidewalk,
the windshield washer's work carrying on
his constant rejection of the service.

she stops, slows down,
but sleeps little,
feels pain after her
soul smokes,
her blood almost in the heat
of more than thirty-five,
she trembles all night,
on days when thermometers
mark zero.

if in the cold there is no warm clothing,
in the heat there is no drinking water.

the noises don't stop,
but they give her more security
than they bother her.

that's why she prefers
all this movement.

she has her unhappy partners,
she has her reputation for being crazy.

her methods are over
of getting quick money
from the dirtiest arms in the world;
she has to share
the donation from the beginning of the day, her favorite
time to talk with who knows who.

soon it will be her who must run after it, as night falls,
amidst the screams, the most brutal violence, frequent,
devilish confrontations, with stones, sticks, whatever flag

is on the sidewalk, or in a refuge sourly seasoned by the collateral effects of souls in ashes.

she likes that corner, if it's for resting, sleeping, or lodging.

that corner overlooks a diner window; where hungry customers smear themselves with mayonnaise, grease dripping between their fingers, filling their bellies, workers, dodging ditches, travelers from all sides, fast food, toast, and quick meals.

the habit of hunger almost predominates and leads to the road, disarranged by mishaps.

her stomach aches empty, but it's bearable; she has thirst,

she has so much,

she has addiction,

all together,

of so many other things

competing for attention

in the same fallen body,

a body turned to ashes like
the souls of the people of the kingdom of peace
destroyed today.

a life has already passed,
much shorter than it should have been,
in a clear image of mistanasia;
she watched tv,
wore new clothes,
at least once,
and listened to some music,
and even, not stopping today,
she managed once to eat
a plate of very hot food!
she once savored a soft drink;
now only the alcoholic taste remains,
or the burn.

now she doesn't even know anymore,
death is probable.
just waiting.

soon everything will be lacking as it is lacking now,

i mean, even today, even at these hours,
and she will go out walking,
dazed, talking, speaking,
singing,
screaming!
crossing, she'll emerge,
between the cars,
and a strong, divine hand,
charitable,
will save her from the series of run-overs.

her hands dance in the air,
her legs brush the air,
her face crosses the resistance
with a closed smile,
detonates the safety lines.
she has nothing,
if she has something,
she can't give it,
because it's evil.
it's the return of our system,
the lean, whipped majesty,
daughter of carbon

and ammonia,
the doped free one.

and what love will there be
among the reinforced concrete
and the asphalt burning
bare feet?

halfway?
not halfway!
just crumbs.
not even the political candidates
expect to shake hands
with the queen and hers,
who are sanctus
without a kingdom here.

and it couldn't be otherwise
if it's this poisonous political class
that helped in the extremely violent theft
of the crown of sacred justice.

prepared in well-pressed uniforms,

they wore out the soles of their boots
on the ground where royalty now sleeps.

and they arrived brutally,
putting weapons in faces,
firing the power of the oppressor, of marginalization,
straight into the heads of the poor.
on the checklist was the market:
no more crown, losing the divine royal lineage for
generations,
raped under the same roof,
humiliated at school,
only until the first grade, because after that they left
never to return.

real education on the streets,
pregnant at twelve,
alcoholic at fourteen,
married so young
expecting a change in life,
violated like that until sixteen,
under her own roof
now without a crown and

only the street and the remains of everything,
starring in everything the world
can deliver of bad.

and today there is still power
and false kings wanting a pretended
monarchy that is not theirs.

= # =

six in the morning

people sleep waiting for the arrogant alarm clock after spending an entire night tossing and turning in the insomnia of the good, hardworking man.

the guy throws himself into the streets from seven in the morning, wakes up in front of an abandoned store, broken windows, a strong smell of urine, and a "for rent" sign. another one for sale. he gets up, asks the time to a man in gaucho pants loading his truck with products bought at the agricultural supply store just ahead, for the sake of the old cattle. the man in cowboy pants analyzes him. always analytical. every now and then, he leaves. that's why the guy doesn't know the time, just clinging to his blanket on one side and his bag on the other.

there's a garbage can, a container, further on.

the guy opens the lid
to smell the rotten smell of the morning,

the aroma of a productive day
in supermarket lines
and convenience store counters.

he searches for food.
no food.
no aluminum cans.
it's tough.
it's cold.
if there's aluminum, food, or heat,
they're already entangled with other filth:
his bones ache;
so another gulp.

the trash has already been rummaged through,
they got there first.
it's never early enough.
they rummaged around
the trash can.
everything scattered there.
the guy takes a look.
there's an apple.
he picks it up, looks at it, feels it.

it's not much fruit,
but for a healthy breakfast,
it's worth it.
it's rotten, completely rotten.
it's not healthy anymore.

a gulp goes in:
a refreshing brandy
that greets him with a good morning.

= # =

charge

it came close,
it didn't accept.

one speaks, the other laughs;
the more the other laughs,
it means the truer
are the words of the one who doesn't laugh.

statements,
only statements.
only defenses
of political views,
of self-reflection,
and of the installments of the new car they intend to buy
exclusively
before the end of the world.

thus comes the time to lose,
without smiling,

speaking
and seeing the other smile,
make fun.

the nervous laughter.
without justice, it's not worth any fight.

who said it was supposed to matter?

= # =

joe with his head buried in the trash

and everyone says joe is fine.
he has the gift of getting by,
too many judgments on a lost soul.
panic about mistakes, many of them,
many of going overboard
the use of the word 'many'.
because joe hasn't slept well in years,
because he can't get rid of his vices,
he watches too much television,
he listens to too much music,
he didn't learn to read,
according to the teachers' instructions,
he couldn't be taught after the age of ten,
he bought a car that doesn't go uphill.
it doesn't go uphill because it doesn't have the power,
it doesn't go downhill because it doesn't have brakes.
joe, in his car, neither goes uphill nor downhill.
he doesn't even risk it..
straightjacket;

intravenous fluid;
he squirms;
increases the dose;
cumulating;
falling;
cutting down;
cutting down;
drooling;
sleep well.

= # =

the hero's dive

calling the hero to save himself
from hatred, from pride, from appearing
to be running alone, smiling, vivacious,
in the teeth of the day in lilac neon.

like this, like this until,
crossing the street,
waiting for the car to pass
in the day under the blazing sun.

and night, night arrives,
the moon no longer appears
and it seems the hero
hasn't shown his face yet.

= # =

monumental legal

we are without consideration
in a hard, illusory standstill
of procrastinating a concept
full of improbable dreams.

i see on the table a drawing
architecturally drawn on the same table where i lean,
and there we have two breasts,
two arms,
two legs,
a set of buttocks.
the breasts are surrounded by a heart.
i think they tried to make it pretty,
but it was already presentable.
so we have a human being.
it's absurd indeed.

you need a justification,
it's a rule, having a justification, just finish.

the point is the end and nothing else is needed.
if we have an end,
the meeting is automatically satisfied.

procedures, protocols, on the table
requesting signatures.

no one objects.
i would never object, i'm already sick enough to be
here.

mad dispatches,
dispatches don't get sick,
they denounce others,
not themselves.

gentlemen, you heartless ones,
you should get up from those chairs
and leave room for the mites
to live better without your deadly juice.
only then will we celebrate by taking to the streets,
without neglecting the necessary complementary
procedures.

as long as you don't abandon the challenge,
they say, we won't call it nonsense.

give an answer, fill it with content.

what content?

i don't know, we're studying.

pass an official letter slowly.

the slower, the better.

meanwhile, the sun kisses some table,

a white table, a little dirty.

thus, because of the territory,

of the abusive gentleman looking at the panties

bouncing of the women sitting in front of him,

he thinks about the possibilities of getting away with it
being who he is.

it awakens the man imagining cataclysm,

after so much work in life,

after hands so wounded,

after years...

after so many colds and flus,
after so many personal losses
and flat tires changed,
the abusive gentleman only waits a little longer.

soon
the general show of cell phones will begin.
all out of pockets.
a legal means of exchanging messages...
and the contents of panties don't touch the screen,
yet, i think...
cell phones can't be better than this,
since they attract more attention from the disturbed,
but we can't touch them in the same way
we touch a cell phone screen.

i'll have a coffee, yes, i will.
sugar? no, no sugar, thank you.
is it too strong? i don't mind.

ah, friendly chairs, friendly tables,
friendly coffee! we are all condemned
and constipated.